

wash his face, hands and arms, and feet and legs. "That does not need much teaching," you say. "He can surely wash himself at that age." But there is a right and a wrong way of washing in Persia before prayers. There is a right and a wrong side of your face to wash first, there is a right and a wrong hand, and a right and a wrong foot to wash first. No soap is wanted, just plain water, or, if there is no water, sand. So our little Ghulam Husain learns his washings, and now he is ready to learn the prayers themselves, which are all in Arabic, so that he does not understand them.

He is shown the direction of Mecca (their sacred city), to which he must always turn when saying them, and he is taught when to stand, when to kneel, when to bow himself till his forehead touches the ground, and when to make various gestures.

And when he has learnt all this, he is ready to begin saying his prayers correctly, and with the right movements, he believes they will be pleasing to God, and count as good works.

He must say them three times a day, and he cannot choose his time. When the prayer-call sounds from the mosque roofs, and is taken up by people on the house roofs, he must leave what he is doing, and wash and say his prayer.—the same prayers every time, at dawn, at noon, and at sunset.

### A Brave Little Boy

Harry Parks and his mother lived in a small house on the edge of a piece of woods away out in the country. There were neighbors in sight, but it was a lonely place, and Harry was a timid little boy. His school was the other side of the woods on a cross road, and when Harry went through the woods morning and evening, he ran all the way. He couldn't tell why he was afraid; there were no wild beasts in the woods, but still his heart was wild with all sorts of fearful thoughts.

One dark, rainy night in March, when the wind was blowing a gale, Harry heard his mother calling him in a strange, hoarse voice. He answered her, but she did not speak again,

but he could hear her groan as if in great pain, and cough terribly.

Now Harry was only a little boy eight years old, but he had been used to helping his mother in many ways; so he jumped out of bed and ran into her room to find out what was the matter.

"Are you sick, mama?" he asked anxiously, going close to the bed on which his mother lay, tossing and groaning with pain and fever.

"Yes, dear, very sick," she managed to say. "If I can't have help I'm afraid I shall die."

"What shall I do, mama?" eagerly asked the little boy. "How can I help you?"

"I must have a doctor," said his sick mother. "Do you think, Harry, you can go for Dr. Carson? He's the nearest. Will you be afraid to go, son?"

Harry hesitated just a minute, but one look at his dear mother decided him. "Yes, I'll be afraid, but I'll go just the same, mama," he said and he hurried on his clothes just as fast as he could.

It would have been some comfort if he could have had a lantern, but there was not such a thing in the house. You see he had to go right through the woods, for Dr. Carson lived just beyond the school-house on the edge of the village, and it was one o'clock in the morning! It was very dark, but Harry knew the way so well, he could have gone with his eyes shut, and never had he run so fast through the woods as he did that night, and never was he so afraid. But he got the doctor in time to save his mother's life, and what did all the fears amount to, anyway, now he had overcome them?

"I'm afraid, but I'll go anyway," that was when the brave spirit spoke, and that is the kind of courage of which soldiers and great men are made. "Trust in God and do the right." That was Harry's motto.—*Child's Gem*

### Paying the Pupils

*By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.*

The teacher in a mission school in Central Africa, counted the curly and black-headed pupils before him one morning.